

THE SPIRIT

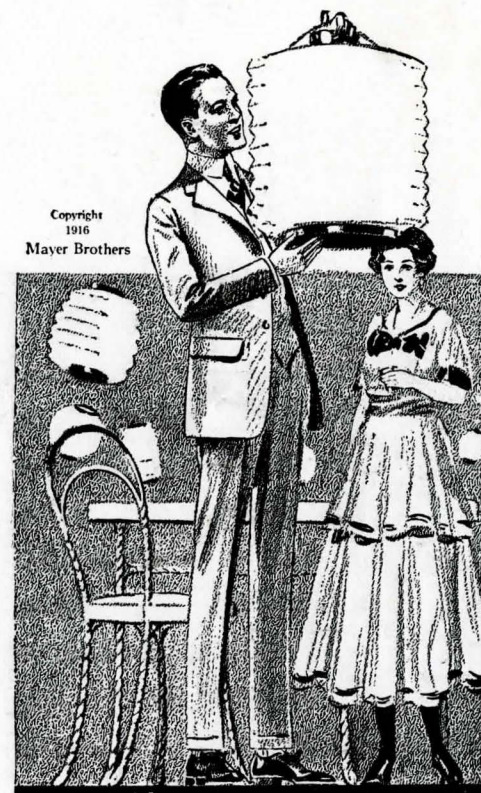


VOL. VI

MAY, 1917

No. 5

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1917
(May)



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Ames High School (Ames,
Spirit.

To SARAH LEURA CLARK

*In appreciation of the fact that
she has given to each of us that
which we have so much needed—
friendship, the class of nineteen
hundred seventeen dedicates this
Senior number of "The Spirit".*



THE SPIRIT ANNUAL

Vol. VI

MAY, 1917

No. 5

Published yearly by the Students in the Interest of Ames High

50 cents a copy

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Vera Crosby, '17	Kathryn Allan, '17
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EDITORIAL

The goal, for which the members of the Class of 1917 have been striving so faithfully, has at last loomed up out of the mists and with the passing of the four years has come the end of the high school days for them and the close of one of the happiest periods of their life.

We hope that although with a feeling of regret they leave to mingle in the great business world, or to seek further learning, they will take with them a fond remembrance of their

Alma Mater and resolve, that, as in time, other interests come to claim them they will still reserve a small place in their minds, where the pleasant memories of their high school days can still linger.

And as true and loyal sons and daughters of Ames High they will ever be ready to defend her name with the same spirit that they showed, while within her familiar walls. May this book be the means, in future years, by which the Seniors of 1917 may once more live over those pleasant days which they spent with their classmates. May they laugh once more over the jokes and deeds of the class.

Although this annual is devoted principally to the interests of the Class of 1917, we hope that the three under classes may find something of interest within its covers. And as we leave, we will intrust the welfare of the school to their hands and may they ever keep not only "The Spirit" but the traditional spirit of Ames High alive.

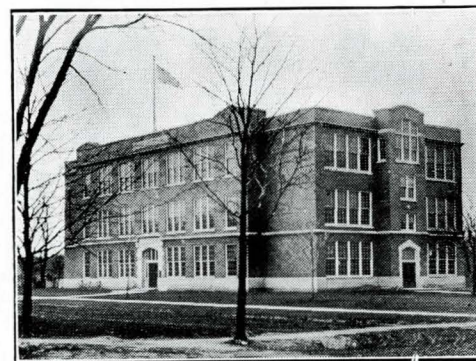
HISTORY OF THE "SPIRIT"

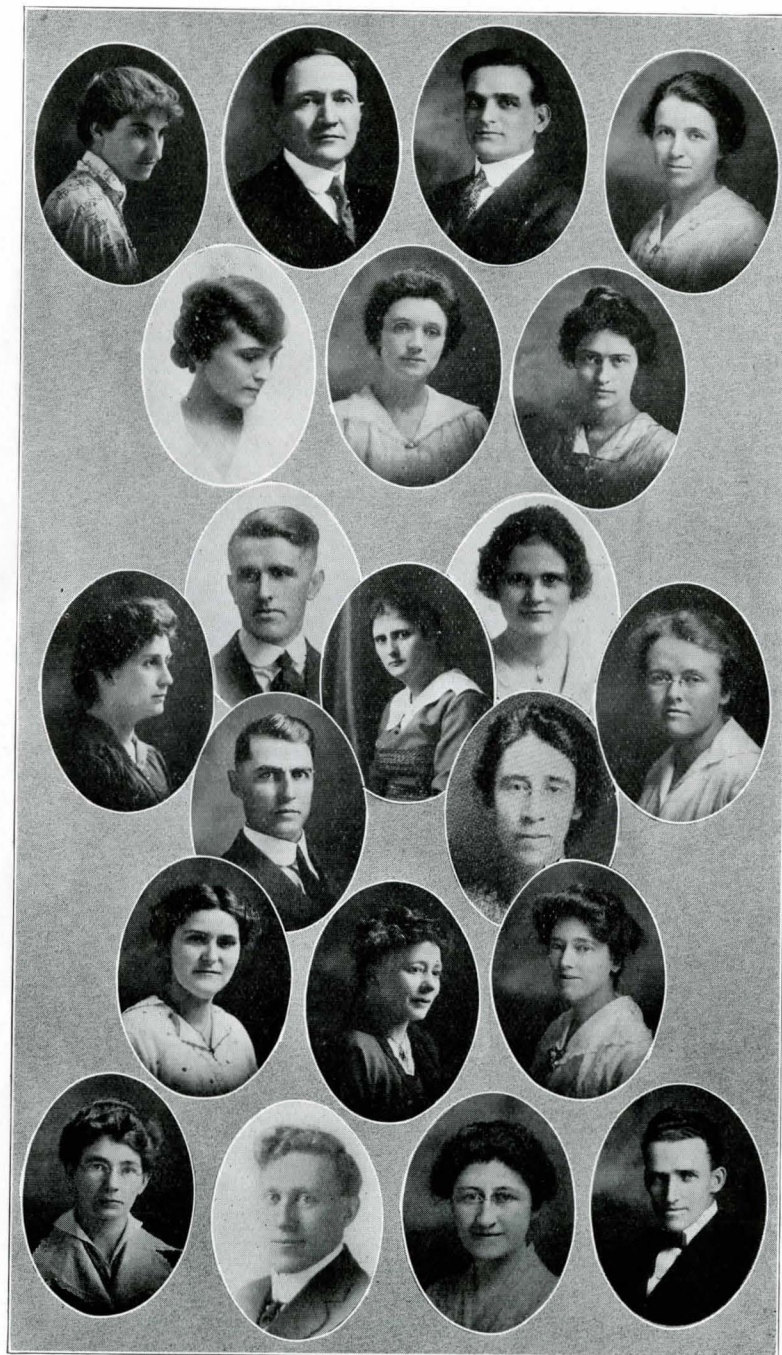
In the fall of 1912, a noble and notable council of dignified Seniors of the '12 class, met to discuss the feasibility of publishing a school paper. Of course, the faculty all scoffed at the very idea but nevertheless this brave committee continued their noble work. Finally they succeeded in overruling the faculty and they gave their consent to the publication.

After a month or more of strenuous labor, the worthy staff put out the first "Spirit." The first staff consisted of a good many brilliant A. H. S. students: Editor-in-chief, Paul Storm; Literary Editor, Ada Cameron; Art Editor, Leonard Wallis; Business Manager, Clair Taylor; Assistant Manager, Glen Muir. Besides these notables several others rendered their valuable services on different committees. There appeared three numbers besides the annual and they met with success. The faculty one and all decided they were entirely wrong and that they no longer were with a "one horse" town but with a town with real, live, ambitious students.

However, the "Spirit" had one dark year and that was during 1913. Possibly on account of the lack of ambition the "Spirit" was almost lost. But the class of '14 took up the work with renewed vigor and set to work to make it a grand success and their efforts were not in vain for the annual of 1914 was worthy of a great deal of praise.

From year to year the "Spirit" has been increasing in size and force and we sincerely hope that this year has not lowered the standard but raised it, at least a little higher than the preceding years.



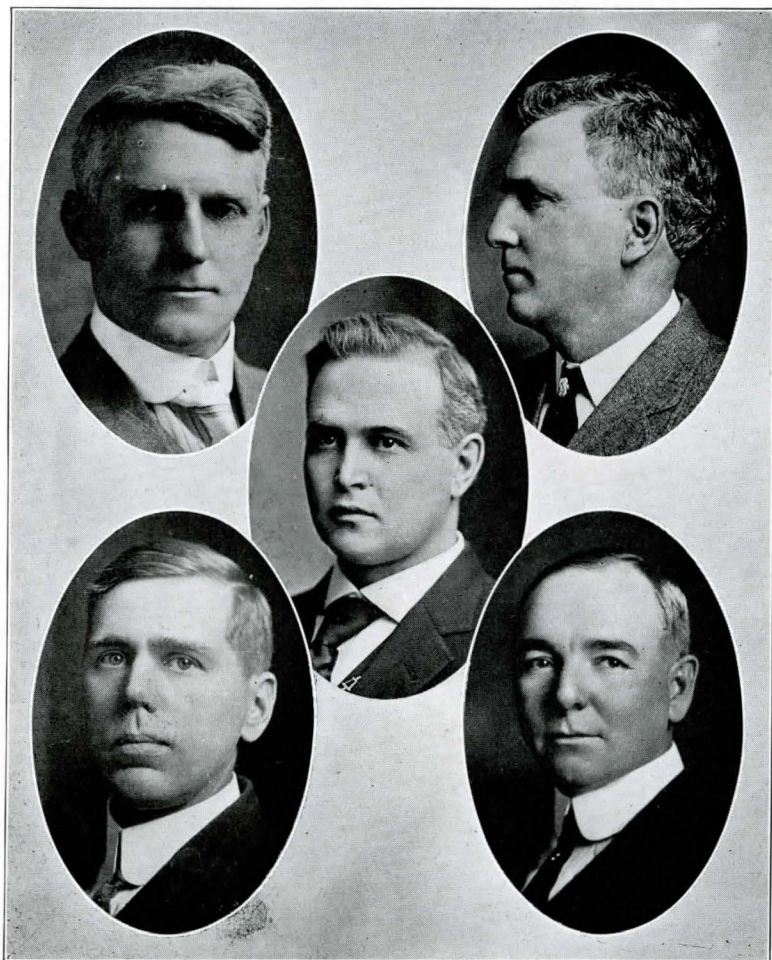


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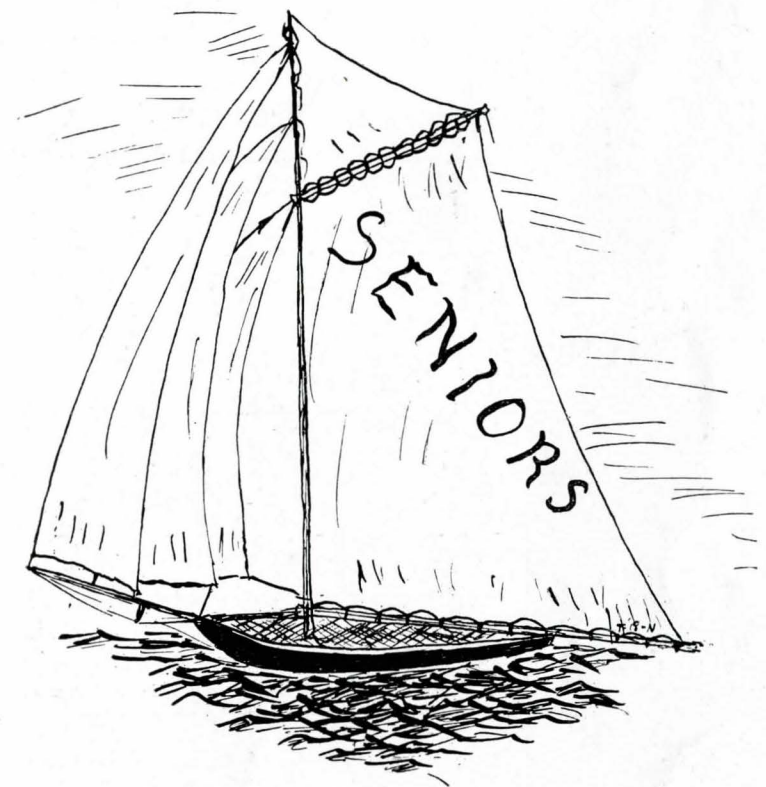
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WILLIE OLSAN, "Bill"
Senior Class President, Senior Class Play.
Blessings on thee good old scout.



KATHRYN ALLAN, "Kath"
Senior Class Play.
Not only does she speak with her eyes,—her lips,
her feet speak.



BERNICE BANKS, "Red"
Like the candle that throws its beams upon the
world, so she shines.



DOROTHY BEAM
Senior Class Play.
Always the same and always happy. Loves ex-
citement and has all sorts of friends.



BLANCHE BENTLY
Girls' Glee Club.
One whom the Gods endowed with that rare
gift—music?



GLENN BUTE
Debating Team, Y. M. C. A.
Mystery veils his past.



GERTRUDE CARTER, "Gert"
Senior Class Play, Declamatory Contest. Win-
ner of Humorous Class.
A jolly girl, and a good friend. Also the possess-
or of a gold piece, just because she can make
us laugh.



ESTHER COOK
Senior Class Play.
Talkative and jolly, likes friends, and has them.



EDNA CRAUN
Girls' Glee Club.
intelligent questions.
Never seen without Julia. Is noted for asking



INEZ CRETSINGER, "Cret"
Manly beauty maketh my heart groww faint.



HAROLD CROSBY

Football, Y. M. C. T., Senior Class Play.
Once had a "ripping" good time in German class.



VERA CROSBY

Senior Class Play, Gold Medal in Typewriting.
Good nature shines from her eyes, words flow from her lips, and English classes marvel.



HELEN CURTISS, "Curt"

Senior Class Play.
Not on the roll with we common folk.



LEONARD DEAL, "Gabby"

"Spirit" Staff, Football.
So happy himself that he has to cheer others by being a clown.



KATHERINE DODDS

Glee Club.
Often seen but never heard, except in the glee club.



CARNIE DUNKLE

Class Basketball.
Likes to "fuss" the girls but never gets any place.



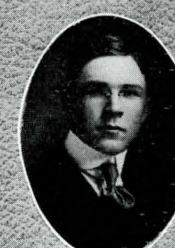
ROSCOE DVORACK

Football, Basketball.
Doesn't play in the band but toots his own horn.



JAY ELLIOTT, "Jake"

Football, Basketball.
Quite Pro-German.



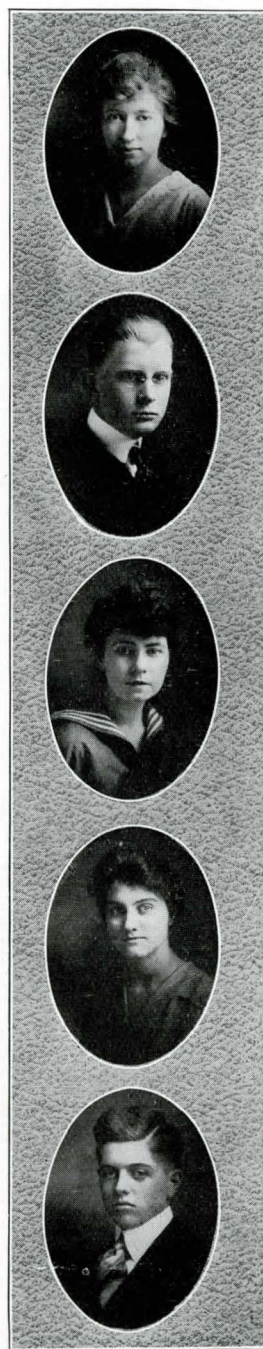
VERNE EWING

Class Basketball.
Quiet, except when he talks or laughs.



LUCINDA FOSTER, "Lucy"

Pleasure she seeks and finds it in the little things of life.



CLARA GILCHRIST

Unassuming yet true. One who is well worth knowing.

WARD GROGAN, "Red"

Declamatory Contest, Winner in Oratorical Class.
Has ideas that are as bright as his hair.

NELLY GUISE

Demure, modest, and discreet.

MABEL HALL

Senior Class Play, Girls' Glee Club.
Straightforward and sure in her own mind.
Might make a good "schoolma'am".

HARLAN HARPER

Y. M. C. A.
A mighty good man for such a little one.

ETHEL HUNTER

Declamatory Contest.
Says her name is Marie but we call her Ethel.
Would rather talk than study, in study periods,
seems very much interested in the outer world.

BERNARD IRWIN

Y. M. C. A., Debate.
"Friends" with the boys and "chums" with the girls.

GLADYS IRWIN

The kind of a girl you would go to for sympathy or advice.

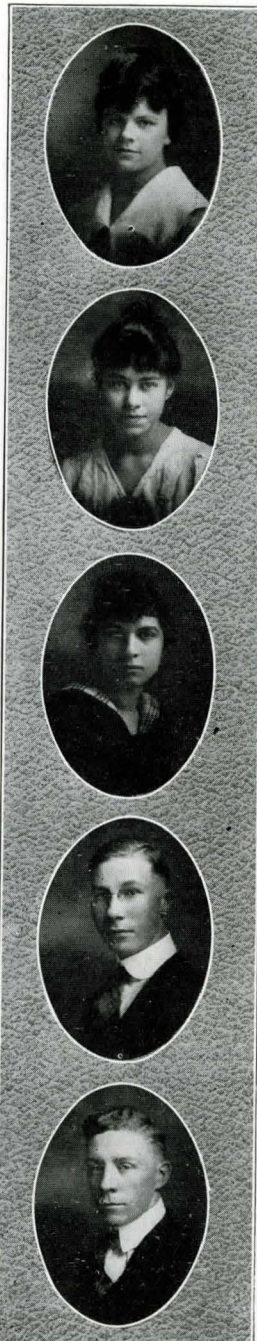
FLOYD LERDALL, "Smilie"

Varsity Football, Basketball, Senior Class Play,
Secretary of Senior Literary Society.
Would be the most popular boy in school if he wasn't so faithful to his foreign girl.

ALICE MCCARTHY

Just a good friend to all.





GAIL METTLEN, "Peg"

Loves to stir up argument with her teachers, but is never convinced?

JOSIE MORELAND

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

ARDYS MUNSINGER, "Art"

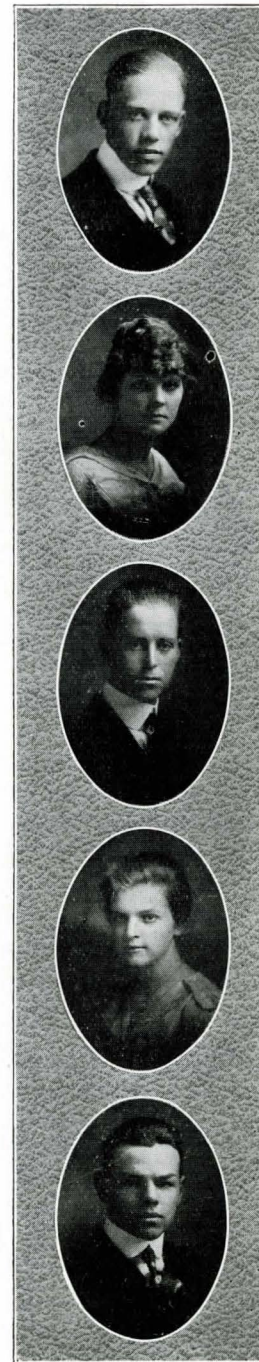
"Julius Caesar was a great man, and Augustus Caesar, too. But of all the great Caesars, I think my Caesar best,—don't you?"

ELMER MATHRE

Y. M. C. A.
Silent and faithful. Sure to make good.

FLOYD MABIE

Football, Class Basketball.
Left school to fight for his country with a gun if possible, but anyway with a hoe.



LESTER MORAVETS

"Spirit" staff, Senior Class Play.
Lives of editors all remind us,
That their lives are not sublime;
For they have to work like thunder
To get the "Spirit" out on time.

FLOEIE NELSON

Declamatory Contest.
Gaze into her eyes and you'll see a little angel;
gaze into them longer and you'll see a little imp.

PRESTON NILES

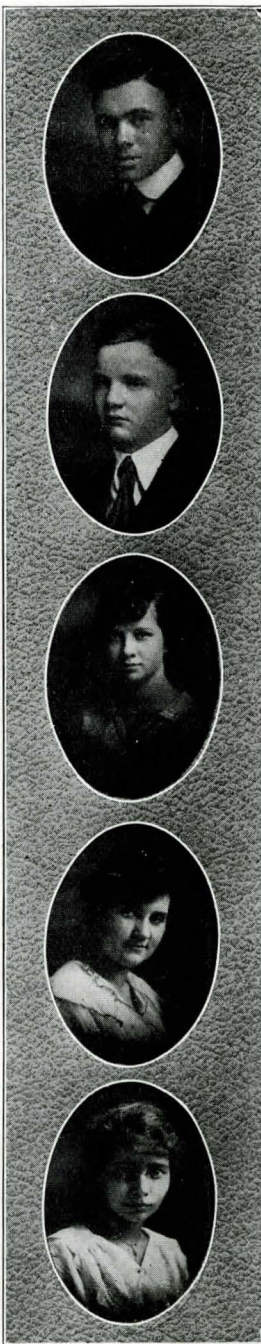
Y. M. C. A.
Work is life to me; and when I am no longer
able to work, life will be a heavy burden.

DOROTHY PROCTOR, "Proc"

"Spirit" staff, Senior Class Play.
Has many bright ideas and always tells about them.

PAUL POTTER

Y. M. C. A., Football, Class Basketbal, Senior
Class Play Business Manager.
Silence is the most perfect herald of joy.



CHARLES RICHTER, "Chas."

There is nothing that becomes a man so well as modest stillness.

TED RUSSELL

"Spirit" staff, Senior Class Play.
Would just as soon talk to Ada Sprague as to any of the other girls.

IONE RICE

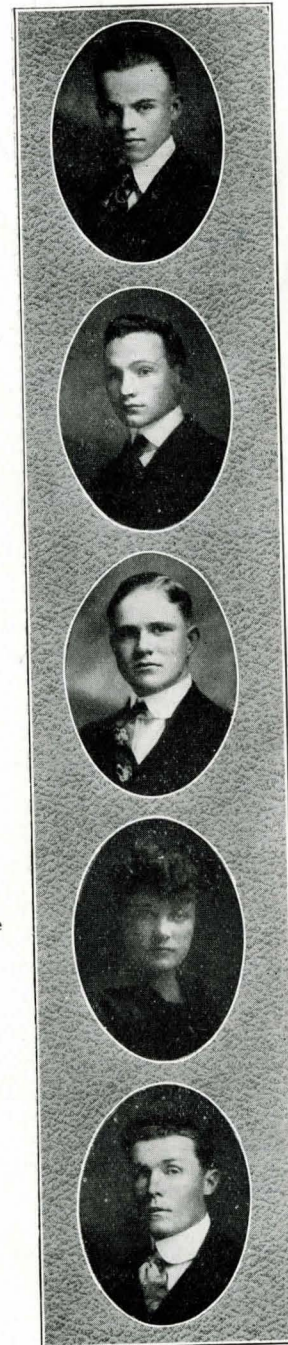
"Spirit" staff, Senior Class Play.
Always ready for a good time and simply loves scandal. But for all this gets wonderful grades and we hate to see her go.

LOIS SLOCUM

Girls' Glee Club, "Spirit" staff.
Soulful black eyes that reflect a happy disposition.

ETHELDA SWARTWOOD

A quiet demure lassie, whose thoughts seldom stray from her studies.



FRANK SOWERS

Senior Class Play, Senior Class Play Property Manager.
When in the course of human weaknesses it becomes necessary to bluff, let us bluff.

EARL SHULL

We "shull" miss him.

CLAUDE SCARBOROUGH

Y. M. C. A.
Health and happiness mutually beget each other.

LOELLA SMITH

Laughter bubbles from her lips and all the world wonders "why".

DUDLEY SHERMAN

In these trying times—proud of his ancestry.



EVELYN TRIPP, "Trip"
A diminutive maid, her shadow is "Less".



LYDIA TAYLOR
Lydia never has moods, but is a quiet and consistent worker.



RUBY WASSER
"Spirit" staff, President Senior Literary Society, Declamatory Contest, Senior Class Play. High grades, honors, and the affection of Ames High are the just portion of this loyal defender of the Orange and Black.



HELEN WATSON
Senior Class Play, Debating Team, Vice-President of Senior Literary Society. So pretty and popular that the high school boys hardly know her.



DOUGLAS WAITLEY, "Doug"
Senior Clas Play, "Spirit" staff. There may be greater men but I do not believe it.



FRANCILE WAITLEY, "Tiny"
Considerate of others, and especially so of Uncle Sam's recruits.



LAURA WEARTH
In silence there is many a good morsel.



JOSEPHINE WILKINSON, "Jo"
"Spirit" staff, Senior Class Play. If the world seems dark and dreary, and there ain't a one seems cheery and yer need a little laughin'—go ter "Jo".

CLASS HISTORY AS TOLD BY A BROOM

I am only a broom in the Ames High School but nevertheless, I know a great deal about the school. I have grown old in its service and for many years have traveled throughout the rooms and corridors of the building. While performing my humble and unobtrusive duties, I have had ample opportunity of securing much inside information which necessarily escapes others.

Right well I remember the morning in September 1913, the most eventful day in the history of Ames High. That day marked the arrival of the class of 1917, undoubtedly the most brilliant class which ever graduated. As I stood in my corner that morning and watched the Freshmen go marching by, well I knew how they felt for I myself was once new, you know. They were quite like other freshmen; timid, self conscious, and bewildered. Altho they sought to hide their embarrassment under an exterior of confidence, generally unsuccessful, I knew that inwardly they were quaking with fear lest they make some terrible mistake which would attract the dreaded stares and smiles of the upper classmen.

At the beginning this class numbered only about ninety, but I soon saw that its strength lay not in quantity but in quality. In spite of its early blunders I was deeply impressed by this class and am not at all surprised at the marvelous result which we see today.

At about Christmas time of its first year mystery and expectancy were prevalent among the Freshmen. Rumors had been circulated of a Christmas party to be given the Freshmen by one of the English classes, under the direction of Miss Knudson. The efforts of the committee aroused much curiosity and were extremely successful, especially the grab bag stunt. Everyone declared Miss Knudson and her class royal entertainers. Like all little folks they left such a litter that I was almost worn out when I had finished cleaning up. This was the only event of the Freshmen year for the class was very studious and still somewhat timid.

In its Sophomore year the class began to realize its importance and organized with all due solemnity electing Harold Crosby as its President. A few days preceeding Hallowe'en a great wave of excitement pervaded the Sophomore class the result of which I soon discovered to be a masquerade party to be held October 30th. This party was one of the events of my life, for I was not only present, but figured very prominently as the broom of the old witch who told the fortunes. The party was well attended by ghosts, witches, darkies and other celebrities, who apparently greatly enjoyed themselves. In the spring a jolly picnic was given in the North Woods, of which I heard much gossip.

I was at my old place in the corner, when the class appeared in September 1915 as Juniors. No longer did they

stand aside for anyone, not even the Seniors. The class early took the lead in literary and dramatic affairs, for which it has become so famous. Ruby Wasser was elected President and the class colors, red and white, with the red rose as a class flower were chosen. The chief social event of this year was a party at the Curtiss home where a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Near the end of the year a Junior assembly was given featuring a farce, "The Blundering Mr. Brown," in which Dorothy Proctor and Vern Ewing took the leading parts, and several other Juniors achieved great renown as actors and actresses.

Again an air of excitement pervaded the school and the reception for the passing class of 1916 was a much discussed topic. In spite of a drizzling rain to dampen enthusiasm, it was a grand success and a large attendance enjoyed the good program and "eats." This was soon followed by a picnic, at which the Juniors were guests of the Seniors.

During the summer following, I brushed up a bit, for I was anxious for the return of the class in the fall. Altho it was a merry throng which gathered, it possessed all the dignity befitting the glory and responsibility of being the wisest in school. Willie Olsan was chosen to lead the class in the last lap of the race for diplomas and he has worked hard to make this part of the race the best of all. The Seniors have worked so diligently all year that I have scarcely had an opportunity to sweep the study hall. The only social event during the winter occurred March 10th, when the class was very pleasantly entertained at the Harper home.

On Friday evening, May 18th I had the pleasure of seeing the Senior class play from behind the scenes. Willie Olsan, president of the class, appeared as leading man, with Ruby Wasser and Helen Watson as rivals for feminine honors. Other members of the cast were: Josephine Wilkinson, Esther Cook, Gertrude Carter, Mabel Hall, Ione Rice, Dorothy Proctor, Dorothy Beam, Ted Russell, Douglas Waitley, and Harold Crosby. The play was a great success, and the work of the class is to be highly commended.

Of late I have heard many rumors concerning the Junior-Senior reception which is to be held in the near future, and of the Class Day exercises, to take place May 25th.

During the past four years, I have become very well acquainted with and deeply attached to the class of 1917. Most of its members have won renown in some class or other. Those who have represented the class in athletics are Jay Elliot, Harold Crosby, Floyd Lerdall, Douglas Waitley, Leonard Deal, Paul Potter, Floyd Mabie, Earl Shull and Verne Ewing. Of these Jay Elliot has won four numerals in football, one in baseball, and was captain of the 1915 football team; Floyd

Lerdall has won a numeral in football and two in basket ball, and Harold Crosby has won his stripe in football.

This class is quite remarkable for its literary and dramatic ability, too. The work of the literary society has been particularly noteworthy, for with Ruby Wasser as President, Floyd Lerdall as Secretary and Helen Watson chairman of the program committee, many excellent programs have been presented. In the declamatory contest, the prizes in all three classes were carried off by Seniors; Ward Grogan won in the oratorical class, Ruby Wasser in the dramatic, and Gertrude Carter in the humorous. Helen Watson and Glenn Bute, with Paul Potter as alternate were members of the High School Debating team. The class has been well represented in the musical affairs of the school, with Lois Slocum, Katherine Dodds, Mabel Hall, Edna Craun, and Blanche Bentley in the Girls' Glee Club and Bernard Irwin and Claude Scarborough in the orchestra. The Y. M. C. A. has been doing some splendid work this year also. The Senior boys, who have been influential in this organization are: Bernard Irwin, Paul Potter, Preston Niles, Harlan Harper, and Elmer Mathre.

Just as many of my straws have fallen, so many of this class have dropped out along the way. Now there are left about fifty-six members who hope to be graduated May 31st.

As the school year draws to a close, the members of the class will separate but they will also hold sacred the memory of the happy days spent in old Ames High.

To the class of 1917, I am only a broom, humble and unnoticed, but it is with sadness and regret that I think of the departure of this class. When deprived of the joy of its presence, my duties will seem arduous and monotonous, and the rooms and corridors, brightened only by its memory, will be lonely and drear.

Nevertheless, I join the rest of the school in a hearty toast to the Class of Seventeen.

"Here's a health to you, and wealth to you,
Honors and gifts a thousand strong;

Here's a name to you, and a fame to you,
Blessings and joy a whole life long."

—Clara Gilchrist.

CLASS PROPHECY

"RENEWING OLD ACQUAINTANCES"

Time—May 31, 1937.

Characters—Gladys Irwin }

—Ethelda Swartwood }

Students of Art in Chicago.

(Gladys, seated near table, reading a letter, Ethelda enters with her hands behind her.

Ethelda: Gladys, you can't imagine what I came across while I was looking in my trunk for some letters.

Gladys: Oh! No, probably an old love letter, dated twenty years ago.

Ethelda: No—it wasn't that. It was an old "Spirit." Our Annual, you know, of '17. Why, just think, it was twenty years ago today we graduated from Ames High. I wonder what has become of all the class of '17. Have you heard from any of them lately?

Gladys: Why yes, while you were in your room a letter came for me from Gertrude Carter. I hadn't heard from her for almost five years. You know she is an actress now, and she says that she and Verne Ewing are soon to appear in the play "Hamlet." Verne is still quoting the line, "To be or not to be, that is the question."

Ethelda: Did she say anything about Gail Mettlen? You know they used to be such chums.

Gladys: Yes, Gail is a coiffeur in New York now. She doesn't have time to take care of her own curly locks.

Ethelda: That's funny, I didn't see her when I was there last fall. Say, I never told you all about my visit in the east, did I. I have been so busy, I had almost forgotten all about it myself. Well, you know, when I visited Yale, Elmer Mathre was football coach, and the German Professor—who was it but Floyd Lerdall. They said he had model classes and didn't allow a single question asked. His views certainly must be changed from what they were in High School. (Notices paper, lying on the table.) What are those head lines on that paper, "President Shull Vetoes Bill." Doesn't it seem great that one of our class is now President? And you know Vera Crosby has been his Secretary for some time, and it is reported in Washington that they are to be married soon.

Gladys: I wonder what ever became of Harold Crosby.

Ethelda: Why, he's a taxicab driver. I imagine it is hard for him to wait for people now. You know he was always saying "Wait a minute."

Gladys: Oh, Ethelda—When I was in Ames I went to the Fair Store, and who do you suppose is proprietor—Donald Soper. Mr. Wasser has given the business over to him and he and Ruby are getting along famously. Do you know what became of Douglas and Francile Waitley?

Ethelda: Oh, they're osteopaths now, out in California. Douglas was so heartbroken when Helen Watson refused him, that he felt he wanted to go to the

- other end of the world. So they went to Los Angeles. You know Helen is librarian at the Smithsonian Institute. She is very much in love with her work. Douglas sent Lawrence Murphy to the Fiji Islands so Francile would work with him. It does seem funny that they are still single. And where is Kathryn Allan?
- Gladys: She has been taking dancing lessons of Lester Moravets, and since he has retired, she has taken the place of Mrs. Vernon Castle and is now known all over the world. I wonder if Inez Cretsinger and Berniece Banks are still going to fraternity dances.
- Ethelda: Oh no, they have forgotten all about the I. S. C. students but Inez is using her experience to good advantage as she is now writing "Advice to the Lovelorn" in the Ladies Home Journal. Berniece is spending most of her time in Paris studying styles, as she is writing for the same magazine. Whom else did you see in Ames?
- Gladys: Why I was so surprised! Carnie Dunkle is mayor and his wife, Alice McCarthy, is the President of the Ames Woman's Club and the leading society lady. Carnie's old friend, Charles Ritcher has taken Mr. Hicks' place as Superintendent. I visited the college and found that Mabel Hall was Dean of the Home Economics Department and Esther Cook, matron of Margaret Hall. Josie Moreland and Nelly Guise are traveling together for the Extension Department. They are still as inseparable as they were in high school.
- Ethelda: What's Ardys Munsinger doing? I heard that she and Paul Potter were married and are running a minstrel show. Did you hear about that?
- Gladys: Yes, I guess its all true. Oh yes, I stayed at the Sheldon-Munn Hotel and Katherine Dodds is public stenographer there. She seems to enjoy the busy life just fine. Have you heard from Lois Slocum lately? I didn't see her in Ames.
- Ethelda: Yes, I received a letter from her some time ago. You know she worked in the hospitals during the war, singing for the soldiers, among other things, and of course she fell in love with a soldier. He was in the hospital for a long time but he finally recovered and now they are living on a farm in Canada. Evelyn Tripp worked as a nurse in the same hospital and now she is city nurse in Boston. Her old friend, Clara Gilchrist, is President of Smith College, so they are not far apart.
- Gladys: Who was our class President—Oh yes, Willie Ol-san. I heard that he was a great grafter, and that

- he even sold silk petticoats thru the mail. Just recently he was arrested and put in jail for five years.
- Ethelda: I had heard that he was in New York but I didn't see him when I was there. But I did see Ethel Hunter. She was giving lectures on Woman's Rights. I read in one of the papers there that Ted Russell was very busy as the leader of the newsboys. What became of all the Orchestra people? What is Bernard doing?
- Gladys: Haven't you heard? He married Florence Nelson and they are traveling with the Ridpath Chautauqua. Bernard gives cornet solos and Florence gives readings. Leonard Deal is with the same company as cartoonist. You remember Claude Scarborough was a surgeon here some time ago, but he was accused of killing so many patients that he was ordered out of the country. He returned this spring and is now Chief of Police in Des Moines. Claude often goes out to visit his old friend Harlan Harper, who owns a large stock farm near the city. Harlan spends his spare time in auctioneering at farm sales.
- Ethelda: That reminds me, Helen Curtiss has been the champion woman farmer, but is now Secretary of Agriculture.
- Gladys: Speaking of Helen Curtiss, I can't help but think of Dorothy Proctor.
- Ethelda: Oh Dorothy married Preston Niles. He was general in the army during the war and since he became so used to ordering the soldiers around, he bosses her around, so she doesn't have a word to say for herself.
- Gladys: Wasn't Floyd Mabie in the army, too?
- Ethelda: Yes, while he was in France he became so proficient in the French language, that he is now giving lectures in French on the recent war. Didn't some of the other members of our class go to foreign countries?
- Gladys: To be sure, Roscoe Dvoracek is now Professor of American History in the State University of Norway. He is trying to follow Miss Sprague's History Outlines and Superintendent Hicks' Principles of Study. Glen Bute was Superintendent of Schools in Alaska, but the climate was too severe for him so he went to New Zealand.
- Ethelda: Did you know that Laura Wearth is working as a missionary in China? I heard not long ago that the Rev. Frank Sowers had gone there for an extended visit. He has been following Billy Sunday's footsteps, doing evangelistic work.

- Gladys: Did Ward Grogan become a Senator? You know he was a great orator and always had high ambitions.
- Ethelda: No, he isn't a Senator. I hadn't heard a word about him since we graduated until one day when I was walking along the street in Providence, Rhode Island, I thot I saw some familiar person working and who was it but Ward Grogan cleaning the streets.
- Gladys: I heard the funniest thing about Dudley Sherman while I was in Ames. He is running a skating rink at Dayton Park, and who do you suppose is manager of the Ten Cent Store? You'll never be able to guess—Edna Craun. She always intended to be a school teacher but she changed from that idea while studying American History.
- Ethelda: Aren't any of the girls school teachers? I thot Lucinda Foster would surely be one. You know she was the only Normal student in our class.
- Gladys: Well she did teach for awhile but later married a rich professor and is now a great society leader in Seattle. Haven't you heard about Lydia Taylor's famous consolidated school in Ontario? She is superintendent there, and has made it the best consolidated school in the West.
- Ethelda: I believe that Blanche Bentley and Loella Smith both intended to teach school.
- Gladys: Yes, I guess they did, but neither of them are doing it. Blanche married one of the class of '18. They moved on a farm but just recently oil wells were discovered on it and now they are the richest family in Kelley. Loella Smith married an I S. C. student after finishing college and is now running a boarding house on the campus.
- Ethelda: Those two remind me of our German class. Have you ever heard what became of Dorothy Beam?
- Gladys: After Edith Wallis was married Dorothy was so heartbroken and lonesome that she went to State Center and became a nun.
- Ethelda: Did Ione Rice and Josephine Wilkinson ever get married?
- Gladys: I don't believe so because I read not long ago of an expedition to the Magnetic Pole led by Josephine, with Ione as her chief engineer. The article stated that in their next expedition they would unearth the pole and take it to Ames so IT would be the center of attraction. Let's see, there were fifty-six in the class besides ourselves. Haven't we forgotten some of them?
- Ethelda: Let's look in the Spirit and see who else there was. —Why certainly there's Jay Elliot, last but not

least. He wasn't in our German class, but then he took private lessons and is now United States Ambassador to the German Republic.

- Gladys: Wouldn't it be great to have a reunion of the class of '17?
- Ethelda: Yes, it certainly would but when and where could we meet?
- Gladys: I am sure I don't know, we are all so busy. What time is it anyway? I simply must stop reminiscencing and write some letters. You can ponder over the old "Spirit" if you want to but I must go to work.

SENIOR CLASS SONG

CLASS SEVENTEEN

Tune, "A Merry Life."

Our four long years of joy and strife are over,
And now we're free, and now we're free;
Before us clouds of destiny still hover,
Nor worry we, nor worry we.
When all our tired and saddened hearts are turning
Old times to view; old times to view;
Recall those jolly days of high school learning,
With friends so true, with friends so true.

—Chorus

Care and sadness, quickly we dispel;
Spare no gladness, known to us so well;
Three score less three, in jubilee, will merry be, for soon we're
free.
Sheepskins then in hand, ere we disband
Class Seventeen

Some day, to others we will tell the story,
Of years at Ames, of years at Ames;
And say how ev'ry field has held some glory
For us at Ames, for us at Ames.
Farewell, dear teachers, please do not remind us
Of all we missed, of all we missed;
Farewell, you scholars in the paths behind us,
May you persist, may you persist.

—Paul Potter.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1917 of Ames High School, having completed our course in this institution and being of none too sound a mind and body, because of nervous reactions due to worrying over our semester History reports, principles of study, and other things closely allied, realizing the necessity of acting at once if we are to act at all, do hereby, with the help of the few sound folds of gray matter which we managed to foster thru this grueling and wearisome campaign, file, publish and declare this manuscript to be our last will and testament and hereby revoke any previous wills or testamentary writings.

We hereby direct that our demise shall be treated with all such dignity and grandeur to which our standing entitles us.

For the sake of our heirs, in regard to any property which we may have acquired by anguish of soul, the gnashing of teeth, or the tearing of nails while in this institution, we do dispose of it as follows:

Section 1.

(1.) To any willing persons the responsibility of directing the verdant members of the coming Freshmen class to their class rooms.

(2.) To the Juniors the affections of Miss A. Sprague, whose dealings with us were always gentle and sympathetic. May you brave the storms of American History.

(3.) Since the Board of Education cannot provide free texts, we hereby bequeath all our study worn volumes and notebooks to anyone, who will pay the ransom.

(4.) To all underclassmen our pride in the school building, as shown by our not having defaced it in anyway.

(5.) To anyone who wishes to communicate with his neighbor in any of Miss Fickel's classes, Claude Scarborough leaves his recently invented pocket wireless.

Section 2.

(1.) To Sam Carter and Winfred Crabbs the honor of being mistaken for Seniors.

(2.) To Frank Coulter the ability to make the teachers believe that he really knows, but cannot think how to say it.

(3.) To "Bill" McClure, Preston Niles wills his "Charlie Chaplin Outfit."

(4.) To Cleo Allen one hundred bars of Flake White Soap.

(5.) To the Misses Thornburg, Turner and Gates the undisputed right to talk in the corridor to anyone whom they wish.

(6.) To Warren S. Pollard the motto, "Take Life Easy, You Live But Once."

(7.) To Lucile Lang, Clara Gilchrist leaves her German grades.

Section 3.

(1.) Elmer Nathre leaves his place on the athletic teams to anyone who cares for it, on condition that they do not lower his record.

(2.) Glen Bute's curly hair to little Eber Sherman.

(3.) Floyd Lerdall bequeaths all his discarded audible neckties to Arthur Holdredge.

(4.) Harold Crosby wills his affections for the Freshman girls to Victor Beach.

(5.) The Physics classes leave all the mice found in the laboratory to Miss Coffey.

(6.) Mabel Hall bequeaths her voice to Millie Lerdall.

(7.) Verne Ewing bequeaths his Friday holidays to Lester Johnson.

(8.) Gladys Irwin and Ethelda Swartwood leave all their fortune-telling secrets to Yankee Robinson's circus.

(9.) Paul Potter leaves all his poetic ability to Harold Seymour.

(10.) Leonard Deal leaves his crayons and easel to his worthy successor Ted Nowlin.

(11.) Frank Sowers leaves all his cute tricks, gum, and playthings to future Freshman boys.

Section 5.

(1.) To Miss Mills we give our appreciation of her co-operation in making our "Spirit" worthy of Ames High.

(2.) To Miss Clark our best wishes for her future happiness.

(3.) To Mr. Steffey, whose earnest efforts, "square deal," and kind encouragement have helped us reach this commencement time, we hereby offer our most sincere thanks and hope that next year may be equally as happy and successful for him.

(4.) The remainder of our property whether earned or given to us as an enticement to leave Old Ames High, for its sake we do bequeath it to the whole school for the betterment of our Alma Mater.

In witness thereof, we, the class of 1917 have to this will and testament set our hand and seal this twenty-fifth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventeen, and upon our entrance into the school of experience and hard knocks, the first.

The above instrument consisting of four sections was on the above date signed, sealed, published and declared by the said class of 1917 as, and for its last will and testament in the presence of us, who, at its request and in the presence of each other and the said class, have subscribed our names in witness thereof, knowing the said class to be, at the time of subscribing our names as witnesses, of unsound body and mind as afore

said, but believing no improvement is possible, and on the contrary, that a worse condition might come upon them.

Signed—Ames High Senior Class of 1917.

Seal—Hon. Bernard F. Shaw,

—Hon. Wesley E. Shull.

Attorneys at Law

Witnesses—Kaiser Wilhelm,
King George, V.

AMES HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Friday evening, May 18.....Senior Class Play
"The Blossoming of Mary Ann"

Saturday evening, May 26.....Junior Reception to Seniors

Friday evening, May 25.....Class Day Program

Sunday evening, May 27.....Annual Class Sermon

Rev. H. K. Hawley

Thursday evening, May 31.....Commencement Program

Address by Dr. Medbury.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

May 25, 1917—Part One.

Class Song—Class Seventeen.

(Written by Paul Potter.)

Class History as Told by a Broom—Clara Gilchrist.

Song—Lois Slocum.

Class Will—Bernard Irwin and Earl Shull.

Songs by Senior Girls—Blanche Bentley, Edna Craun,
Katherine Dodds and Lois Slocum.

Class Prophecy—"Renewing Old Acquaintances"—
Gladys Irwin and Ethelda Swartwood.

Piano Duet—Alice McCarthy and Ione Rice.

Part 2.

Farce—"A Case of Suspension."

Cast: (In order of appearance.)

Kathleen—A Celtic Maiden—Dorothy Beam.

Dorothy, Alice and Mildred—Young Ladies of the Semi-
nary—Vera Crosby, Evelyn Tripp and Kathryn Allan.

Jonas—The Seminary Man—Claude Scarborough.

Professor Emilius Edgerton, of the Faculty—Ward
Grogan.

Harold, Tom and Jack—Undergraduates of the college
near by—Lester Moravets, Earl Shull and Chas. Richter.

Miss Ophelia Judkins, of the Faculty—Ethel Hunter.



SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"The Blossoming of Mary Ann"

Under the direction of Miss Mildred Sprague, High School
Auditorium, Friday Evening, May 18, 1917.

Cast

William Barkley, A Yale man.....Wilne Olsan
Charles Mason, Lloyd Henderson and Teddy Farnum of Bark-
ley's Fraternity—Frank Sowers, Floyd Lerdall and Ted
Russell.

Mrs. Kirkland, A New York Society Wo-
man

Josephine Wilkinson

Mrs. John Simmons, Mrs. Kirkland's sister.....Mabel Hall

Mary Anne Simmons, Mrs. Kirkland's nieceRuby Wasser

Betsy Scroggins, Mrs. Simmon's hired help.....Esther Cook

Sarah Applegate Slissy, Fannsdale dressmaker

and town gossip.....Gertrude Carter

Elaine Jewett, a society girl.....Helen Watson

Trella Jewett, Elaine's invalid sister.....Ione Rice

Paty Cloverleaf, a society girl.....Dorothy Proctor

Extras: Guests at fraternity dance:

Helen Curtiss, Vera Crosby, Kathryn Allan, Harold
Crosby, Douglas Waitley, Lester Moravets.

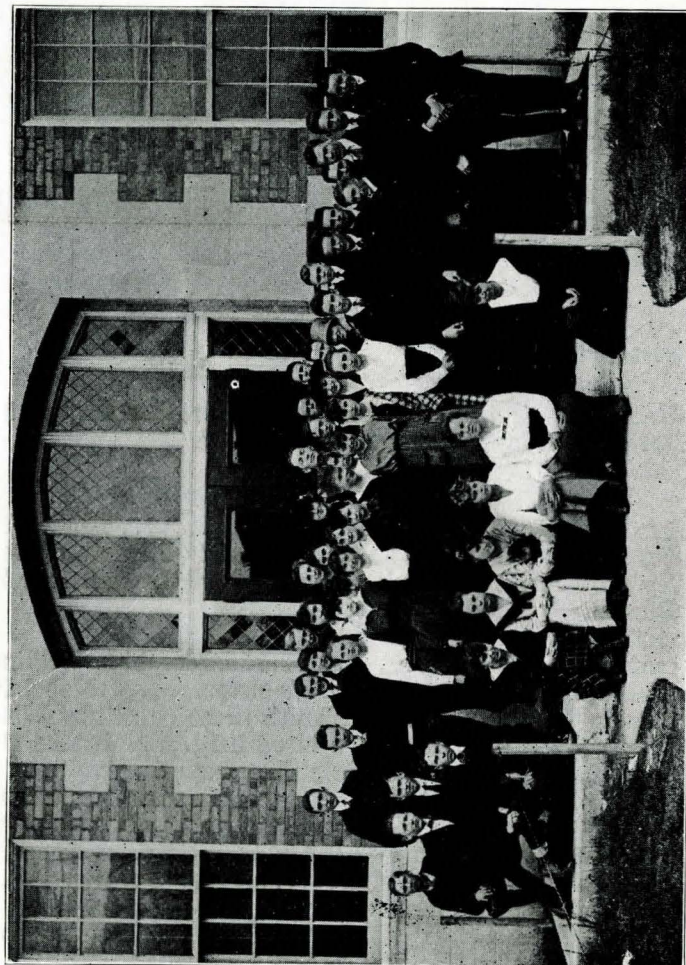
Mrs Kirkland's maid.....Dorothy Beam

Business manager.....Paul Potter

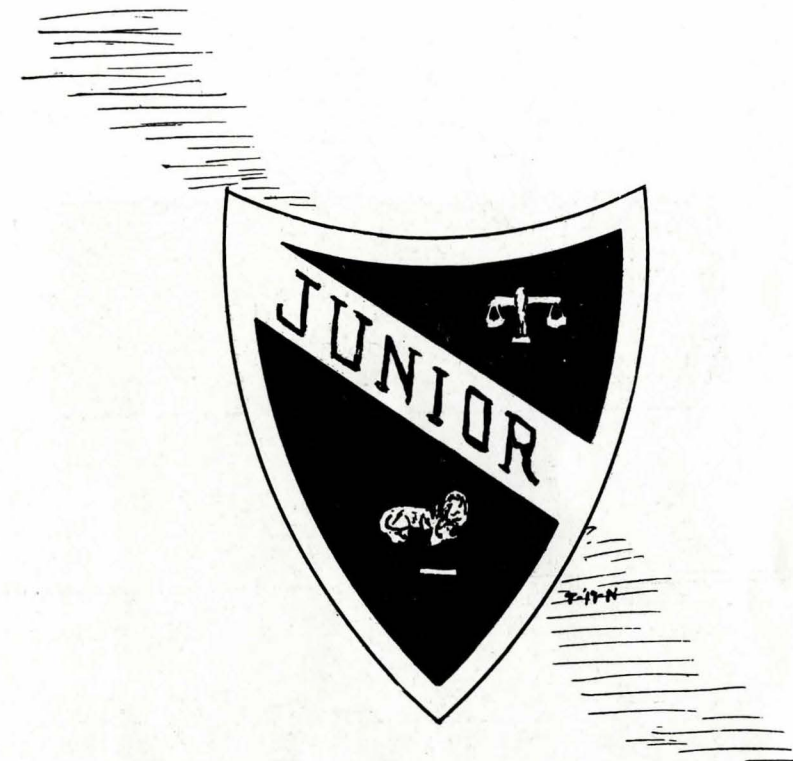
Stage manager.....Harold Crosby

Property manager.....Frank Sowers

ElectricianClaude Scarborough



JUNIOR CLASS



JUNIORS

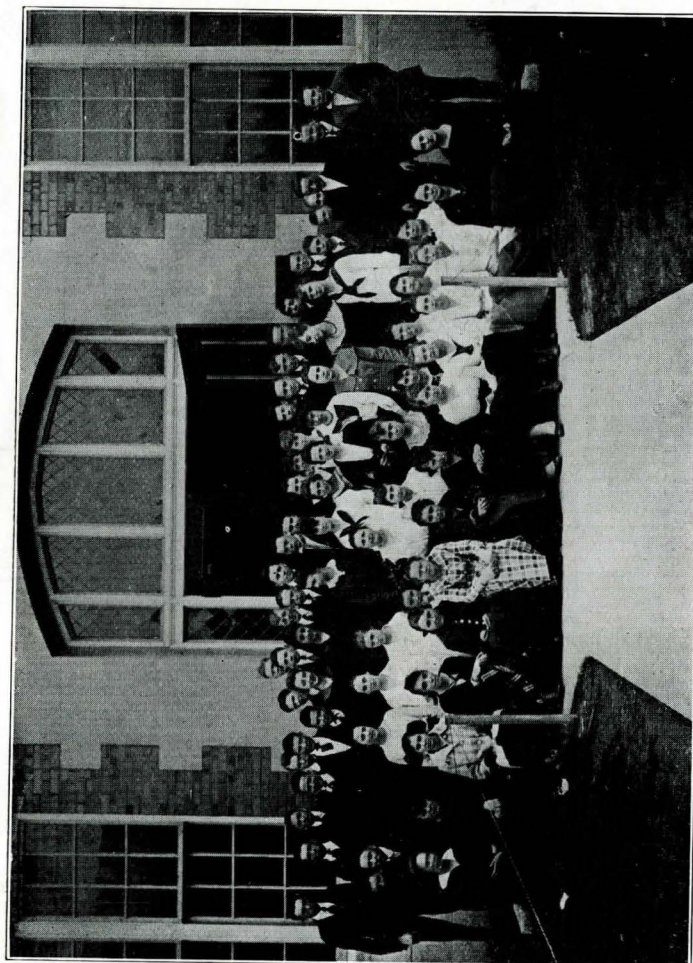
Le Roy Apland	President
Hazel Cave	Secretary
Orville Apland	Treasurer
Beatrice Olson	Reporter
Edith Wallis	Chairman of Social Committee
Nevin Innes	Chairman of Literary Committee
Victor Beach	Chairman of Athletic Committee

On the evening of May twenty-sixth the annual Junior-Senior Reception was held in the Alumni Hall.

During the evening's entertainment the Juniors presented the following program:

Welcome	Le Roy Apland
Reading	Martha Lesan
Girls Quartet—	
Cornet Solo	Thomas Musson
Hawaiian Music	
	Lucile Lang and Leona Nunamaker
A farce, "The Obstinate Family".	

Refreshments were served in the Cafeteria and the program of witty toasts rendered was enjoyed by everyone.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



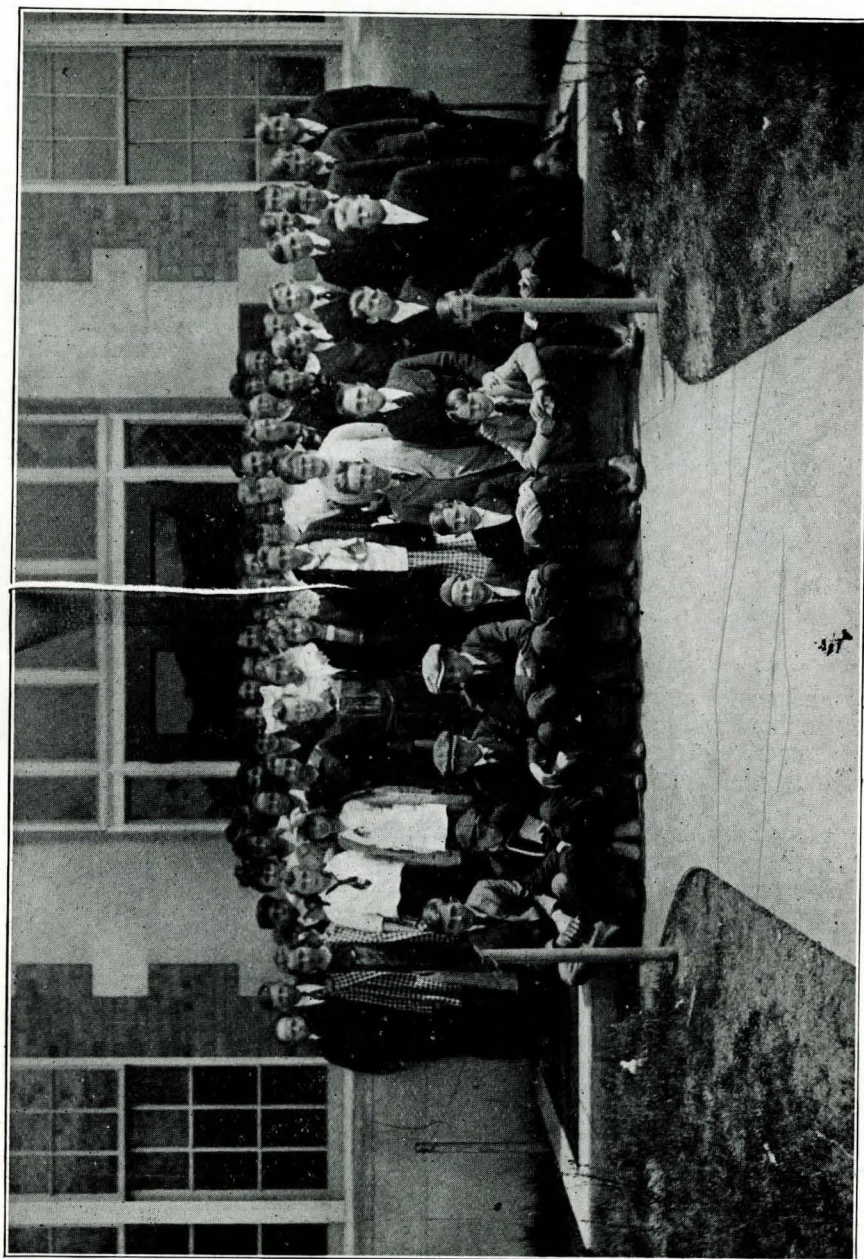
SOPHOMORE CLASS REPORT

The Sophomores have been busy this year both in literary and social affairs. On St. Patrick's Day, a number of loyal Sophomores gathered in the gymnasium for a good time. Games, victrola music, and several readings by Miss Thornburg and Fern Grover were some of the diversion of the evening. At the close of the party, dainty refreshments were served by several girls, from a booth in one corner. Little green flags were given as favors. They were chaperoned by Mr and Mrs. Steffy, Miss Clark and Miss Thornburg. The evening was voted by all to be a great success.

When Uncle Sam's first call for men came, a number of our Sophomore boys responded. Several joined the coast artillery, others the National Guards and one or two, the navy. While the boys have been doing their bit for this country, the girls, also, have been striving to do their share, a number of them joining the Red Cross.

The Sophomores have had some very good class officers this year, who have worked diligently for the improvement of their class. They were as follows:

President	Waldo McDowell
Vice-President	Lydia Tilden
Secretary and Treasurer	Robert Potter
Class Reporter	Florence Goddard



FRESHMAN CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS REPORT

The Freshmen, with the intention of making their class the "peppiest" one in the school have been very busy this year. It took them a short time to become accustomed to the ways of the school, but they have, by this time become very wise. The social committee has been planning a picnic, as a grand finale of their social activities for the year. Everyone is expected out for a rousing good time and especially for the big spread.

The school affairs committee has also been at work and has held several meetings, at which they composed class songs and yells. The following is one of their efforts:

1. Ames High is a dear school
But the Freshmen are the best;
They always have their lessons and
They never flunk a test.
Sure they're loyal and'll stand forever
By the good old orange and black
So you must boost for the Freshmen and
Ames High we will all back.
2. Freshmen, so they state it,
Are as green as green can be;
But let's make them stand by us
And we'll show our loyalty
But we'll strive and fight forever
To be Seniors by and by
Now you upper classmen
Who's the best in old Ames High?

—Sung to: Ireland Must be Heaven

The Freshmen class officers for the year were:

President	Roy Bennett
Vice-President	Marion Smith
Secretary and Treasurer	Ted Jones



ATHLETICS

"FINIS"

Only a few more weeks of school remain and with its close a most successful year of athletics at A. H. S. will have passed into history.

Looking back o'er the records of the last nine months we cannot help but think, cannot help but feel that in so far as victories are concerned, our athletic achievements have been such as should instill within each and every one of us a feeling of fortitude and pride for being members of Ames High School.

Out of nine games in football we won five and tied two, and won five out of eight in basketball.

The track season is in full swing now and quite a few have been practicing daily for the last month. Owing to our suspension there will be no track events other than the home meet, but this, providing enough take interest, promises to be of a very interesting nature. The "Varsity Shop Cup" which was won by the Senior-Sophs. last year, will again be competed for.

Coach Thompson has arranged for a tennis tournament this year which is something new at Ames High. Thirty-six have entered and much interest is being shown.

Football prospects for next fall are not as bright now as they were at the close of last season as practically all of the "A" men have enlisted.

The following list includes the "A" men who have heeded their country's call and are awaiting orders:

Crosby	Hospital Corps
Ex-captain Elliott	Hospital Corps
Captain Hoon	Hospital Corps
Ricketts	Hospital Corps
Soper	Hospital Corps
Terry	Coast Artillery
Sage	Coast Artillery
Posegate	National Guards
Hammond	National Guards
Grey	Navy

1916 FOOTBALL RECORD

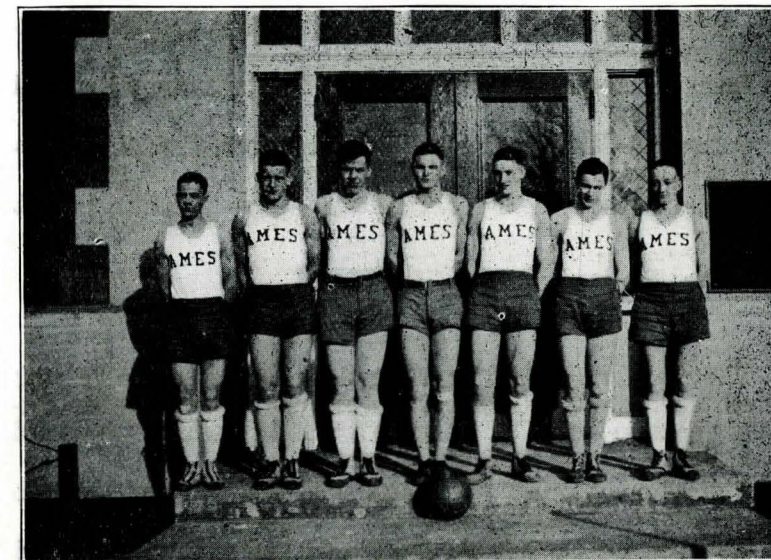
Ames 0	Algona (State Champs.)	0
Ames 32	Perry	0
Ames 0	Ft. Dodge	6
Ames 27	Eagle Grove	7
Ames 13	Newton	0
Ames 16	Cedar Rapids	7
Ames 0	Marshalltown	0
Ames 12	Boone	0
Ames 12	North High	14

Total 112

Total 34



Varsity Football Squad



Basketball Team

1917 BASKETBALL RECORD

Ames 19	Boone 20
Ames 63	Colo 22
Ames 34	Toledo 26
Ames 24	Indianola 20
Ames 28	Dallas Center 23
Ames 15	Algona 27
Ames 18	Simpson C. Fresh. 34
Ames 22	Almuni 14
Total 223	Total 186

AMES 18—SIMPSON C. FRESHMEN 34

Our first non-scholastic game with the S. C. Freshmen was lost to the invading party. 18-24 on paper looks like an overwhelming defeat, but this variance in figures does not in the least tell the story. The first half witnessed a fast and even game but it was in the second inning that the visitors broke their leashes and tipped in a half dozen lucky baskets. The most of these were caged by a certain individual by the name of Fisher who carried a horseshoe under his wing, for he dropped three beauties from exceptionally long range. Owens, who

starred on the Indianola High team last year, played his old-time game again.

Innes for Ames and Owens for S. C. Freshmen were the chief point winners.

Summary—Field goals: Innes 4, Sauvain 1, Ricketts 1, Lerdall 2, Owens 6, Newcomb 4, Mohr 5.

Fouls: Owens 2, Mohr 2, Lerdall 2. Referee—Merriam, I. S. C.

AMES 22—ALUMNI 14

The annual game with the Alumni, as usual was marked with much interest, but this year it turned out differently than formerly because instead of suffering a sound thrashing, we turned the tables and gave them the mitten.

Two of our regulars, Hammond and McCarty, were on the sidelines or the drubbing might have been more severe.

However, we'll admit we had the advantage in training and experience and wish to extend to them our congratulations in showing up so remarkably well even though they were handicapped.

Sauvain, playing his first game, was the individual star of the game, tallying 10 of the 22 points.

Summary—Field goals: Ricketts 1, Innis 3, Sauvain 5, Dunlap 1, Davis 3, Jacobson 1, Gleason 1.

Fouls—Davis 2, Swearegnen 1, Britten 1, Innis 2.

Referee—Aldrich, I. S. C.

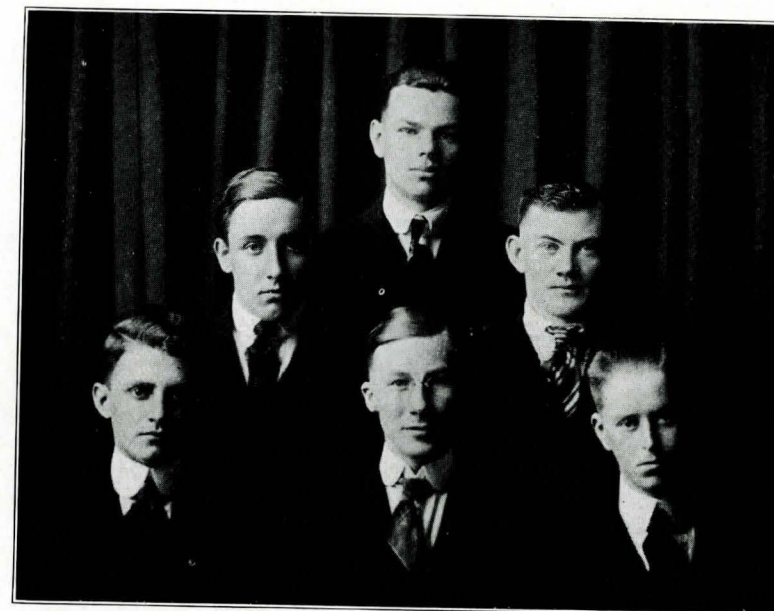
APPRECIATION

Without steam an engine will not run, neither would our athletic machine without Thompson.

During the two years in which he has been connected with our school, he has made for himself a name which shall forever live in the annals of Ames High.

Not every school can boast a man of such a splendid personality and we should indeed feel fortunate in having as director of our athletics a man who executes his duties in the most systematic and efficient way; a man who is partial to none, equal to all occasions, master of every obstacle, and who is an ardent advocate of clean and wholesome athletics.

Although we owe a great deal of our success to the boys who were at the front and who bore the brunt of battle, we must not forget the force behind the lines who furnished the brains which made possible their success.



Willis Belknap Paul Potter John Stafly
Bernard Irwin Elmer Mathre Preston Niles

Y. M. C. A.

The "Y" meetings have been interesting and profitable throughout the school year and the last few especially have been well attended and full of pep.

A typical "Y" meeting may be described as follows: Meeting is opened by a few short prayers and two or three good wholesome songs, followed by a brief business session. Next comes a short Bible study period and generally an inspiring talk by some earnest, capable live-wire speaker. After dismissal a general "get-together" is held and then the meeting adjourns.

Carl Ringgenberg has been leading us in our Bible study and we have had some splendid speakers including Mr. Brown and Mr. Kennedy, both state Y. M. C. A. workers.

On the twenty-second and twenty-third of March, Mr. Brown, Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Cotton were here for constructive work among the boys. They accomplished a great deal and we believe and hope that their work will help to make the "Y" successful and influential the coming school year. On account of this work the prospects look good for a bigger, better and more energetic "Y" next year and all high school fellows are urged to get in touch with the meetings next fall.

At our meeting, April twenty-fourth, the following officers were elected to serve next year in the cabinet:

President—Donald Soper.

Vice-President—Winfred Crabbs.

Secretary—Nevin Innes.

Treasurer—Paul Potter.

The following chairmen of committees were appointed:

Bible Study—Donald Soper.

Membership—Winfred Crabbs.

Program—Victor Beach.

Social—Eugene Watkins.



Top Row—Edna Craun, Theresa Judge, Estella Sill, Lois Slocum, Julia Arasmith, Kathryn Dodds, Marie Judge, Blanche Bentley.
Bottom Row—Grace Vickery, Mabel Hall, Anna Lindauer, Naomi Fitch, Myrtle Hall, Naomi Britten.



Top Row—Wm. McClure, Claude Scarborough, Warren E. Pollard, director; Bernard Irwin, Homer Tostelbe
Bottom Row—Florence Goddard, Fern Grover, Lura Woods, Burton Colburn, Carl Briley, Fred Jones

LITERARY

SPRING

Bright and airy this spring fairy
Trips in old King Winter's wake.
Crocus, cowslip heralds merry,
Tell us just what path she'll take.

Light she floats o'er field and fallow
Barefoot, fair, a rosy thing
Flecks of green in meadows fallow
Trace the steps of laughing Spring.

Like the bubbles on the river
Like the humming bird in air,
With the slightest, brightest quiver
Twinkles Spring, now here, now there.
—Helen Watson.

HIS PATRIOTISM

Harry Lawrence was a young man who worked as a clerk in a dry goods store, in the city of New York. His fellow clerks called him "Red" because of his fiery red hair, and by that name he had been known at college. Then, too, his temper was somewhat like his hair.

But in spite of hair and temper, Harry's heart was good and he was chock full of patriotism. When the call for volunteers was made, Harry was among the first to go to headquarters.

The day of his examination he marched to the armory with a light heart and a whistle on his lips, but the examination was not quite as he expected it to be. There were a great many more questions than he thought necessary, and he was just a little bit nervous.

His height was taken; his weight was set down—he had expected these—his health record was looked into—his heart was examined—horrors!—How could the officer feel it beat when it was in his mouth?—his feet had special attention, and when his examiner came to his mouth he shook his head decidedly in the negative. "Teeth bad," he muttered. Then, "Index finger off left hand, feet in poor condition; arches broken down—" smiling, "You'd better stay here and join the home gardening club. Fine corn patch you have started. Can't take you! Sorry—Good day."

"Red" Lawrence was completely down hearted as he walked from the room. At the door of the building he met a college chum who hailed him thus, "Hello Red! Enlisted? Good! I'll bet you have. I'm going to. Lots of fun we'll—What? Wouldn't take you? Why not?" Red ex-

plained. "Oh pshaw now! I'm sorry! That's too bad. Well so long old boy. See you later—! And he was gone like a flash up the stairs.

Red continued on his way to the business section of the city unmolested. His thoughts were working fast. It seemed a pity that he should remain at home with no one depending upon him when mothers, wives and sweethearts were bemoaning the loss of other fellows.

The balmy spring days went by one by one, and as the companies were ordered out, one after another, the city seemed dead to Red as he helped in the store under the strain of the season. On the depot platforms were always large crowds to send the companies off and Harry missed never an opportunity to cheer for them, though his heart was almost breaking to go along. Several of the lads were his own class mates and it was hard to let them go without him, but he had to do it.

Two weeks after the departure of the last company Red decided he would not let depression get too strong a hold on him. His fellow clerks were getting up a gardening club and as they urged him to join, he decided he would.

Near his rooming house was a large lot which served as a dumping ground to the families near it. Red sauntered over to look at it one evening and accidentally met the owner. After conversing for a few minutes, he managed to engage the lot for the summer.

The next evening after working hours Red and one of his friends cleared the lot and it would never have been known as the same one. Together the two boys worked and prepared the ground. Together they planted seeds and set out young plants, and together they cultivated them until the plants had no excuse for not flourishing.

One evening when it was growing too dark to do much work "Red" strolled leisurely up the street. It was too nice to go in so he walked on and on losing himself in thoughts about his friends at the front. And then he remembered his garden and he denounced it as a silly piece of business. What would the other fellows think if they knew that while they were at the front ready to fight for their country, he, the most patriotic of them all, was pulling weeds and fiddling around a little patch of ground like a girl. Well, that garden could become a weed patch for all he cared. He'd never pull another one as long as he lived.

Unmistakable sounds of sobbing reached "Red's" ears and he looked up only to realize that he had drifted into the tenement district. There by a dry goods box he perceived a tiny dirty bundle of rags. Then a very thin little face, with great brown eyes peered anxiously up at him. Red's heart triumphed over his temper and he knelt beside the child asking what the trouble was. The answer came in a thin high-pitched, wailing voice: "Mamma's sick an' there ain't nuthin' t' eat an' I'm hungry."

Red could easily believe that when he looked at the pinched little face. "Why, bless you child," he answered, "you shall have something to eat." Come and show me where you live."

It isn't necessary to describe here the suffering, the lack of food and clothing that "Red" saw as he climbed flight after flight of rickety stairs. It isn't necessary to tell how for once the little girl had all she could eat and how the sick mother blessed him and called him a hero.

It is sufficient to say that while he was walking slowly homeward, Red came to the realization that he was helping his country, even by pulling weeds. Were not those who remained at home and fed the poor doing as great a service to humanity as those who were ready to go into the war? The old woman had called him a hero and he resolved to do his best to live up to the name. He knew now where the products of his garden were going.

As he stepped into his room a little later, Red suddenly laughed, "Say, I wonder if that officer who examined me was laughing at me or giving me some advice. Well whatever it was I followed it and 'Long live the Garden Club'."

Fern Dudge '20.

OUR NEIGHBOR

The subject of my article lives not one or a hundred miles from here—peace to his ashes for he died about two years ago. This little old hermit's picturesque shack situated about five miles from town was completely surrounded by a clump of bushes and trees, so that one could scarcely tell that there was a hut there except for the occasional tiny wreath of smoke that made it's way out from the shrubbery.

You could not expect this man to have anything but a peculiar name, it was "Hy" Howe, and indeed he was one of the notorious men for miles around. By notorious I do not mean a prominent business man but everybody knew who old "Hy" was, although they had never seen him or wished to do so. However those few who did know him could not help but be very much interested in this odd character. Luckily I was one of those few who knew this man, and I would not have missed this pleasure for anything.

Our house was not far from this recluse and whenever mother had baked something especially appetizing I was sent to take some to "Hy." This is how my acquaintance started. Soon after we had moved to this place, I started on my first visit to our neighbor and I don't think that I will soon forget how terrified I was for I had heard all kinds of weird stories about this man. Once inside the door I was so amused at the surroundings and peculiar objects that I entirely lost my timidity.

This house, if it could be called that, had but one room, it was not much longer than an ordinary garage and not near-

ly so well built, in fact merely boards and boxes nailed together to form some sort of a shelter. In one corner was a rickety old stove which served both as a heater and cook stove and I am sure this affair had never seen anything that even looked like stove polish.

Opposite this was his "bunk" but I think I shall let it pass without further comments because it was so utterly beyond description. One side of the house was lined with shelves upon which all of his provisions, clothing and magazines were stored. The only means of light was a cracked window pane and a smoky oil lamp.

For companions "Hy" had a goat and a dog. Undoubtedly you will ask, where did he find room for these pets? Well, that was a very easy matter, for "Hy's" policy was "Where there is a will, there's a way," and besides in the winter time these animals were a necessity. The goat slept on the box of potatoes to keep them from freezing, and the dog slept on the master's cot to keep his feet warm. In looking more closely I noticed that there was not an article that was not put to use, even the bread-box was used for a chair. Between the peculiar surroundings and the interesting war stories which our neighbor told me (for he was a Civil War soldier,) I was thoroughly occupied for two or three hours. I wished this old man good afternoon and left declaring to myself that I had not wasted any time.

The next morning as I was wandering through the woods I came across my new friend doing his yearly washing, but a year's washing to "Hy" was nothing more than a couple of flannel shirts and a pair of socks. I told my friend that I was going to the country store that afternoon and if he wished any groceries I would be glad to get them for him. He thanked me and asked me to stop and he would have a list ready for me.

When I was ready to go I hitched up my pony and was soon on my way. When I came to the shack I stopped to see what "Hy" wanted. As soon as he had handed me a list of his groceries I started to go, but he called me back to get the money. Just as I had turned around he had shoved away the potato box and was opening up a dirty old tobacco pouch which he had taken from a little hole in the wall—and it was full of money! I certainly was surprised for everybody thought him to be as poor as a church mouse.

Soon after this last visit, our family moved to another town and I missed most of all my interesting visits with our old neighbor. I often wondered if the three were still as happy as ever. About two years ago as I was looking through a newspaper I came across the article telling of the death of "Hy" Howe. I had a feeling of genuine sorrow when I read this news for I was still hoping for another talk with my friend.

Josephine Wilkinson, '17.

THE CLOUD

Oh! Cloud which floats toward western sky
All silvery white as light as foam,
I sometimes wonder when I look at you
If there's a place which you call home.

I watch you as you onward float
And use so well that power of yours
To fascinate the human eye,
As through the sky you make your tours.

When swiftly you sail ov'r my head
And then sweep out to sea,
Way down deep in my longing soul
I wish, I wish I were with Thee.

—W. E. S. '17.

KENNETH'S SEVENTH CIRCUS

Kenneth Miles was past eleven and had gone to every circus that had come to his town for the last six years of his life. His mother had taken him until he was nine, when he had suddenly decided that if "Spike" could go with the other boys, he could too because he was smarter in arithmetic than "Spike" was. It always worried Mrs. Miles to think of him crawling under the tents and running among the animals as she had often seen other boys of his age do. Now here was another of those awful shows coming to town and of course Kenneth would want to go with his friends as usual.

This year the circus would be on Friday and the posters showed all kinds of animals, and girls with pretty dresses. It was to be bigger than usual and Kenneth longed to see the trapeze performers and the fat lady with the "skinny" husband. The school children made an appeal to the principal asking her to let them out for the circus but she thought it wasn't necessary.

Kenneth was heartbroken. Circuses had always been the most wonderful part of his life and now he was going to miss one. A complaint was made by that youngster at the supper table the evening before the show and his father said, "Miss Holland is right, there's no sense in you children taking a day off for a thing like that. You'd appreciate your opportunity for going to school if you had as few chances as I had when I was a boy. Besides, mother has a flower bed to be dug up and you can do that."

"Aw, you folks never did want me to have any fun. I've always worked like a dog and all I ever got was fifteen cents. Bill's mother gives him a nickel every time he goes to the store but I have to go for nothing. That shows you don't treat me fair and I'm just gonna quit school anyway. I can't sing and Miss Parker knows it."

This said, the boy left the table and shut the front door with a bang. His father said nothing but secretly he didn't see "why Carrie hadn't taught that child to control his temper."

Friday came and with it the glories of the parade, music and peanuts. To the school children, however, the afternoon was to be the longest one of the year. Everybody thrills all over at the thought of a parade.

The Miles boy hurried home at noon to work on his mother's garden. He was to receive twenty cents for the hour he worked at noon and twenty-five cents more when the job was finished.

He received his pay and went whistling to school for he and some other boys were going to "skip" and get in under the side of the tent. At two-thirty recess came and as they filed out, four of the boys slipped around to the back yard and met by the cellar door. The train was late and the boys had

to wait until three forty-five before the parade came. Secretly each boy wished he had stayed at school but none of them said anything. There were very few animals and the clowns didn't seem a bit funny. Finally they reached the circus grounds, however, and the crowd began to come for the afternoon show. The boys got in under the tent but in the act, Kenneth's stocking was badly torn, which greatly grieved that youth, as he was naturally very neat. The first elephant that entered squirted dirty water all over the boys and as they scrambled to get out of the way they fell over each other, doing a great deal of damage to their wearing apparel. In a few minutes the pony riders came in and the boys, not profiting by their last experience, got too close to the ropes. As the last pony passed, it stepped on Kenneth's outstretched foot causing great pain to that youth. The dogs didn't do half as much as was shown on the bills while the seals didn't appear at all. This was enough to disgust any boy who had skipped school, torn his stocking and lost earning a quarter, just for an old show.

It was getting dark when the affair was over and everyone hurried toward home. For some reason or other Kenneth wasn't very anxious to get home. He knew the principal would phone to his mother. This would stir her up and then, too, she expected him to finish the flower bed. Before he knew it the boy had arrived at his own gate and as he plunged his hands into his pockets preparing for the explosion, he found that his money was gone. Every pocket was thoroughly searched but nothing was found. This then was another thorn in his side. While he was thinking about his money the little boy next door ran over and told him that school let out at three o'clock and he should have stayed. Mother met him at the door, much to his disgust, and wanted to know where in the world he had gotten so torn and dirty. Oh how the poor child wished he had never seen a circus. He had lost his money, failed to earn another quarter, angered his parents and teacher, soiled his clothes, and seen a circus that wasn't worth fifteen cents. In a few minutes from the time of his arrival, a boy in overalls appeared at the parlor door saying, "Say Ma, you don't need to pay me for finishing the garden if you won't tell Pa."—Aldeba Fox.



WINNERS

RUBY WASSER WARD GROGAN GERTRUDE CARTER
Dramatic Oratorical Humorous

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

Our annual declamatory contest was held on Thursday afternoon, March 8. It was a good contest, to which interest was added by the three prizes of five dollars each, which were offered to the winner in each class, by the Fair Store, Tilden Manufacturing Company and Gus Martin. Ward Grogan won out in the oratorical class, Ruby Wasser in the dramatic and Gertrude Carter in the humorous division. Ruby Wasser was chosen winner over all and represented Ames High at Jefferson in the sub-district contest. However, due to some misunderstanding she was not allowed to compete in this contest. The excellence of our home contest was due to the efforts of Miss Fickle, who was in charge of this work, and Miss Pamela, who coached the contestants.

The program presented was as follows:

Oratorical—

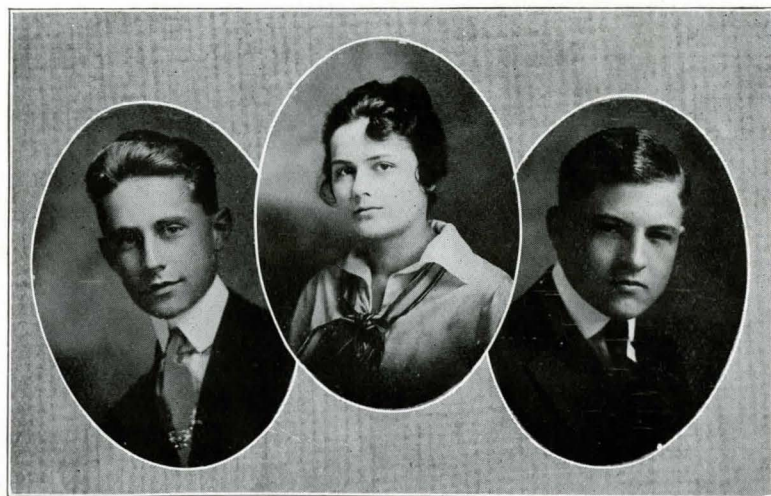
"A Plea for Cuba".....Ward Grogan
"Speech of Patrick Henry".....William Nelson

Dramatic—

"The Death Disk".....Martha Lesan
"The Sign of the Cross".....Ina Reins
"How the Church Was Built at Kehoes' Bar"....Ruby Wasser

Humorous—

"The Fall of Georgie Bassett" from Penrod..Gertrude Carter
"Anne of Green Gables".....Georgina Kirkham
"Who's Afraid?".....Hazel Taylor



BARCLAY NOBLE HELEN WATSON GLEN BUTE

DEBATE

As Ames High is ever ambitious for her name and always eager to try her hand at anything new, she decided to have a debating team this year. A preliminary contest for the choosing of the team was held in the early part of the year and the following team was chosen: Helen Watson, Barclay Noble, and Glen Bute with Paul Potter as alternative. Their first meeting was with Carroll High, a school which is noted for its fine debaters. The question up for debate was: "Resolved that the several states should adopt a system of compulsory industrial insurance, constitutionality granted." The arguments presented, by both sides, were convincing and showed careful preparation. However, our team was rather unfortunate and was defeated by Carroll, due to the fact, perhaps, that the Carroll speakers were more experienced debaters. Two of the team, Helen Watson and Glen Bute, and also Paul Potter, the alternative, were seniors, but Ames, even if she is losing nearly all of this year's team, expects to continue this work next year.

SENIOR GIRL HONORED

Ames High feels proud of one of her senior girls. Vera Crosby, who, a short time ago received a gold medal from the Remington Typewriter Company. She wrote sixty words in a minute, which was more than was required for the winning of the medal and also made no mistakes, although several were allowed to her. This is quite an honor and is only the second time that it has happened in the history of Ames High.



SPIRIT SPASMS

Miss Mills—"Ward, why is it wrong to say: 'The horse and cow is in the pasture'?"

Ward G.—"Because the lady should be mentioned first."

Miss Turner had been annoyed all the period by Donald Huckle's pranks. At last she said, "Donald, if you are not fit to sit with decent people, come up here and sit by me."

Soph.—(Reading from English text)—"Let me kiss your ruby lips." (Class laughs.)

Miss Fickel—"Oh, I wouldn't mind a little thing like that."

Vera C.—(in American History)—"They hanged Garfield's assassin. Twenty years later they examined him and found he was insane."

Miss Thornburg—"If a watermelon and a pumpkin were crossed, what would it be?"

Freshie—"A water pump."

Mr. Pollard, in music—"We will sing 'Call to Arms'."

Edna Craun—"Mr. Pollard, we haven't a 'call to arms,'"

Mr. Pollard—"You may have mine."

Miss Mills, in Senior English class—"Helen, what picture did you get of the Grecian Urn?"

Helen Watson—"I saw the girl and her lover just so far apart, and they couldn't get any closer."

Mystery—Why did Joe and Vera drop hands so quickly, when they reached the top of the hill, out in the woods that Sunday?

Miss Fickle—"Tom, do you know what 'spunk' is?"
 Tom—"Yes, mam, spunk is the past of spank."

East High has a lunch room, but they haven't anything on us at that. We have a Coffee-Mill.

FAMOUS PROVERBS OF A. H. S. TEACHERS

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man a farmer—Mr. Gibson.

If you want to be well informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some points.—Miss A. Sprague.

Live so that when you die, even the undertaker will be sorry.—Miss Fickel.

Lazy people have no right to complain, and busy people haven't the time.—F. W. Hicks.

Miss Thornburg, in Ancient History—"Winifred, what is a fort?"

Winifred Crabbs—"A fort is a place where they keep soldiers."

Miss T.—"All right, now what is a fortress?"

Winifred—"A place to keep soldiers' wives."

City visitor—"Is your milk pasturized?"

Russell Coon—"Well the cows were in the pasture all summer, but we're feeding them fodder now."

Glen Cassidy, in English II, repeating "America"—"My country tis of thee, Land of the noble free—err—um—"

Miss Turner—"Thy name I love."

If Burton Colburn went to the movies, we expect that Laura Wood, too.

Verne Moses was standing in front of the Paradise Candy Company. Loella Smith, on passing him remarked: "How natural Moses looks near Paradise."

Vera C.—"Harold, does your hair ever part?"

Harold—"Yes, when I have it cut."

We had a Study Hall notice to "Serve your country and your school." Francis Holm has disobeyed both commands by staying out of school with the "German" measles.

Leona N. was troubled in typewriting by the word "cur-cum." Finally Miss Boyd, exasperated, exclaimed: "Leona, put your hand on your circumference."

Leona, blushing and hesitating, searched for her waist line.

Student, translating German—"There stood the girl, with red cheeks on the threshold."

Mr. Steffy (after talk on politics, in Civics class)—"Carvel, what are the two greatest parties in this country?"

Carvel C. (not having paid strict attention)—"The Freshman class party and my birthday party."

Winifred Crabbs, reciting in Biology—"The leaves perform their work all summer except in the winter."

Miss Coffey, in physics class, which was studying sound—"Clyde, will you tell what beats are?"

Clyde Durrel—"What you make pickles of."

Author unknown; bet he's a Freshie—"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

Miss Mills—"Please explain this line: 'Oh, priest, where leadest thou that heifer?'"

Isabelle—"It means a couple were coming down the hill hand in hand."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

My dear Miss Simpson:—

Since so many of the A. H. S. boys have enlisted, my friends, Isabelle Valentine, Lucille Lang, and I, have decided that our one ambition in life, is to become Red Cross Nurses. We desire to take a brief course in "First aid to the injured," which will not require that we spend much time in preparation, or, on account of which, we will be compelled to miss any dances. How do you think we can accomplish this?

Miss I. D. Clair.

Dear little Idy Clair:—

I cannot but admire your noble ambitions, and very fortunately, I had in my possession just such instructions as you will need to know. If you follow these instructions carefully, I am sure you will save many lives, and be a blessing to your country. In the case of fractures, if you wish to see if the limb is broken, wiggle it gently back and forth. To remove grit in the eye, roll the eyelid back once, then let the patients wet the stick with their own saliva, so as to cause no pain. For a bad wound on the head, apply the tourniquet around the neck to stop bleeding to death. If a patient is suffering from a dog bite, put the dog away for several days. If he has not recovered then kill him. When clothing is on fire, get the per-

son whose clothing is on fire, to lie down and roll to some body of water and roll in. If it should be necessary for the patient to pass through a great deal of smoke, put a soiled handkerchief in his nose and mouth. In the case of nose bleed, put a roll of paper under the upper lip, and if this fails, plug the nose and let it run down the throat. For gas poisoning (and you will probably have more of these cases) you should try and get the most of the gas out by squeezing them. These methods will undoubtedly have a noticeable effect on the patients, and my sympathies go with both you and them.

DID YOU EVER?

—See a Crosby that didn't giggle?
 —Know the lower hall to be quiet at noon?
 —Hear Isabelle V. translate German?
 —See Kath. Allen when she didn't have a "choice bit" to tell you?
 —See "Doug" when he wasn't chewing gum? (Juicy fruit most popular.)
 —See all of the Seniors at a class meeting?
 —Know Harold C. to have a note book in on time?
 —See Ione when she wasn't smiling?
 —Know Miss Johnson to make a witty remark?
 —See Lyle McCarty without laughing?
 —See Floyd Lerdall smile?
 —Get a joke from Ada Sprague?
 —See Vera Crosby when she wasn't talking?
 —See Dorothy Proctor when she wasn't asking question?"
 —See "Soper" without his Ruby?
 —Hear of Dan McCarthy having his lesson?
 —See Josephine Wilkinson "perturbed?"
 —See Dorothy Harriman perfectly serene?
 Did you ever?
 No you never,
 For you simply couldn't do so, don't you see?

THE ALPHABET AS THE SENIORS SAW IT IN 1913

A stands for Allen our dear little cat,
 she's not so very lean but she's kindo' fat.
 B stands for Billy, Vera's little beau,
 he home with her one night did go.
 C stands for Claud the fattest one here,
 he's most too fat to put in here I fear.
 D stands for Darn her, Oh! I did not mean that,
 I meant Ethel Darner who in front of me sat.
 E stands for Elmer who's fame has spread wide,
 but on 7th St. is his place of abide.
 F stands for Frank Sowers who all of you know,
 he don't know his name is here so don't tell him so.

G stands for Gerbracht who is never a fool,
 but who is so awful so awfully good in school.
 H stands for Harold C., Vera's big bub,
 who has no more sense than a big round tub.
 I stands for Isabel, and let me tell YOU,
 she is one of the boys' chosen few.
 J stands for Joe who I'm sure you don't know,
 and I think if 'twere possible to Gilbert would go.
 K stands for Kathryn the kitty of A,
 she'd sit by E. J. most any day.
 L stands for Lawrence who is always so bright,
 Miss Pollard will hardly let him out of sight.
 M stands for Maxine, Max for short,
 he is rather tall but is lots of sport.
 N stands for Naomi as sweet as can be,
 when it comes to that she can really beat me.
 O stands for one of us, which one I don't know,
 you'll just have to guess everywhere so.
 P is for Pepper, he's very mild,
 altho' he is his father's own child.
 Q stands for questions asked in exam,
 we spread them on paper like strawberry jam.
 R stands for Ruby, you know that is me,
 and I'm pinin' and pinin' my Lois to see.
 S stands for Schroeder our teacher dear,
 and I'm sure she is worthy of a place in here.
 T stands for Teddy the cutest of all,
 we're worrying for fear he'll never be tall.
 U stands for Us, some dumb I fear,
 but I'm sure I had better put us in here.
 V stands for Vera who Billy thinks "IT,"
 but I'm sure I do not one little bit.
 W stands for Wallis I know nuttin' 'bout,
 don't know whether she laughs or whether she pouts.
 X stands for exams so hard and so punk,
 I know there's nothing to do but flunk.
 Y stands for you whom I want back so bad,
 I haven't got over YET being mad.
 Z stands for—Zip Boom Bah!
 8th Grade Rah- Rah! Rah!

Written by Ruby Wasser to Lois Sloecum in 1913.

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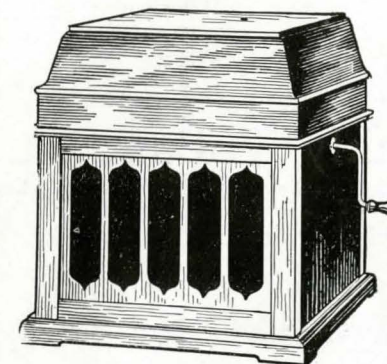
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